

Favors

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Summary: [RvB PostEp100] Simmons wanted nothing to do with the whirlwind romance between two of his least favorite Blues while he attempted to impede Texâ€™s request for a favor owed. To think, the whole thing started with a confessionâ€|[ChurchXCaboose][SimmonsXGrif]

## 1. Buenos dias, cockbite

Title: Favors

> Series: Halo Red vs. Blue

> Author: ConfessYourSins<br> Rating: PG-13

> Main Characters: Church, Caboose, Simmons, Grif, Tex, Donut<br>

Warnings: Excessive language, BL

> Pairings: Church x Caboose, Simmons x Grif<br> Disclaimer: I don't own Halo or Red vs. Blue. I have Microsoft/Bungie Studios and Roosterteeth to thank for those.

Dedicated to my \*\*Sora MUSE\*\*, 1/2 of \*\*The Medic\*\*, because she actually sat with me while I watched massive amounts of RvB even though she had no idea where the hell in the seasons I was. Also for listening to me read this out loud like, a hundred times to see if they \_sounded \_in character or not.

\_They totally do! I love Caboose in the next chapter!"\_

\*\*Favors\*\*

\*\*Chapter One .: buenos dias, cockbite :.\*\*

Dick Simmons 2.0 slammed the receiver down in its cradle before she could finish. 'She' was Alison, aka Freelancer Tex, aka Church's sadistic ex-girlfriend. Since they'd escaped Blood Gulch and returned to the near-present from the future they accidentally destroyed, life had gone by pretty uneventfully minus the mildly shocking reassignment of Sarge, Simmons, Grif, and Donut to Moon Colony K Red

Base, while Church, Caboose, and Tucker had been assigned to Moon Colony L Blue Base.

At least they weren't in another box canyon.

Before he could unplug the phone it rang again. Simmons cursed the army for insisting on using old-school landlines as a safety measure to prevent line hacking; landlines could still be traced, and they liked keeping a tight leash on their lieutenants since the mishap at Blood Gulch.

The machine clicked over to the recording machine and Tex's voice rang loud and clear: "Buenos dias, cockbite. I've come to coâ€"

Just as Simmons unplugged the recorder the front door slid open and Grif walked in, a bundle of groceries in his hands.

"Well hello!" Simmons called out cheerfully in an attempt to distract Grif for two seconds so he didn't notice the phone.

"Uhh." Grif arched a brow and stared at Simmons for a second, then shrugged it off and walked into the kitchen. "I bought groceries. For myself. \_Do not eat them."

Simmons rolled his eyes and sat down in the recliner. "Listen, even if I \_was \_hungry, I wouldn't even be able to eat what you bought, remember? Advanced polymer stomachâ€|"

Grif popped his head out of the kitchen, a powdered doughnut hanging between his lips. "Oh \_yeah!" \_he mused as he bit into the doughnut and let it fall from his mouth. He caught it in his hand and added, \_"I've \_got your stomach now! And your lungs, and your kidneysâ€| and your spleenâ€|"

"Yeah, I get it. You can shut up now."

Simmons came to the sudden realization that â€" although the phone was unplugged â€" Grif would undoubtedly find a way to either accidentally plug it back in and redial Tex, or Tex would just show up and Grif would end up dead. Or a ghost; more likely than not he would end up a ghost and come back to haunt Simmons for fun.

That thought made him cringe.

"Hey, dude," Grif said as he walked over to Simmons and waved a hand in his face. "You alive there?" He paused, then added, "Because if you're not, I call dibs on your armor."

"Can it, Grif," he growled as he stepped away. "I think you should leave. Now."

"What the hell are you talking about? I just got back, you cockbite."

Simmons groaned inwardly as he tried to think of a somewhat legitimate reason for why he needed Grif to leave. His mind wandered back to the day before, when this had all started. He should have seen it coming, but as usual he had been distracted by Grif's lack of intelligence.

\* \* \*

><em>"What the <em>hell \_are you doing here, Church?" Simmons asked in surprise, staring at the soldier before him. "You \_do \_realize that you're in the Red base, right? And where's \_your\_ body?"\_

\_As a favor to Church and Tex â€“ or rather a bargain to prevent themselves from being hunted by the Freelancer later in life â€“ Sarge and Simmons had created cyborg humanoid bodies for them to use in addition to Tucker informing Blue Command that Church wasn't dead. Yes, it was all one big misunderstanding, the part about him being dead. When they had asked Tucker about Sergeant Flowers, he just had to laugh; Church seemed to have an affinity for killing people on accident, it seemed.\_

\_Sergeant Flowers, he had explained through muffled snickers, had been killed in action by a freak malfunction of the teleporter during a brutal battle with the Reds. Without surprise, Vic had bought the story and initiated the protocol to amend said 'deceased' status of Private Church, also giving him a much appreciated promotion to Private First Class, now equaling Tucker in rank.\_

\_After all, Church \_had\_ died for the war.\_

\_Church shrugged in his kidnapped body, unpossessed the soldier, then whacked him squarely in the back of the head. The unknown soldier's body dropped to the floor with a loud thud.\_

\_ "You might wanna clean that up," he pointed out as his ghostly figure walked through Simmons and into the room. "Hey, Grif's not here, is he?"\_

\_Simmons dragged the body into the room and dumped it to the side of the door, then hit the button to lock the door. "He's sleeping. It \_is \_after midnight. I think he's got a training course in the morning. But back to you; what the \_hell \_do you want, Blue?"\_

\_ "I need to talk to you." Before Simmons could argue Church confessed, "I'm gay."\_

\_Simmons stared blankly at the blue PFC before him. Had his jaw not been firmly held in place by nuts and bolts it would've dragged against the floor as he took a step forward. "And you couldn't tell Donut?!"\_

\_ "He would've told Caboose." After a pause he added, "Son of a bitch."\_

\_ "Holy \_crap, \_Church. You likeâ€¦ Caboose?"\_

\_Church chuckled awkwardly and sat down on the couch, propping his legs up on the coffee table in front of him. "Man, if I could find a way to fucking explain it to youâ€""\_

\_ "You like the \_team killing fucktard \_that \_shot \_you?!"\_

\_ "He didn't actually kill me," Church noted. "When I went back in time, I found out thatâ€""\_

\_ "I don't care," Simmons mumbled. "Okay, you like Caboose, but what about Tex?"\_

\_ "Yeah... about Tex!"\_

\_ "What in God's name happened this time?"\_

\_ Church grinned and wrung his hands together. "Sarge much?"\_

\_ "CHURCH." Simmons said the one word deliberately to catch Church's full attention.\_

\_ "Yeah?" he asked as he eyed Simmons warily.\_

\_ "What the hell did you do?"\_

\_ "Oh, it's not what I did exactly."\_

\_ "Just spit it out," Simmons demanded angrily. "You woke me up at almost one in the morning to tell me that not only are you gay! but for starters, you pissed off Tex? Maybe it's just me, but that seems like a pretty bad fucking idea."\_

\_ As Church shifted in his seat, he nodded his head. "Yeah, pissing off Tex usually ends up with me losing my body but I didn't exactly piss her off!"\_

\_ "Then what did you do?"

\_ "It started with a bottle of tequila!"\_

\_ "You're a ghost in a robot body, Church. Don't even try and use the 'I was drunk' excuse on me. I'm not Griff."\_

\_ "Wow, I can really see the deep and meaningful relationship you two have developed as roommates since we left Blood Gulch and destroyed the future," Church teased. "It's obvious you share a special bond indestructible by the normal stresses of everyday life."\_

\_ Simmons did not seem amused. "Get on with it, you fucktard."\_

\_ "Yeah, well she's on her way to your colony for a mission that she's going to need your help on."\_

\_ "And I would help her because?"\_

\_ Church pulled his knee into his chest and gave Simmons a snooty half-smile. "Oh, don't think she forgot. Tex never fucking forgets. Remember when we were in the future and Tucker told you and Griff to give Tex a favor in return for her help getting Lopez's head back?"\_

\_ "Yeah."\_

\_ "Well she's callin' it in."\_

\* \* \*

>"Hey man, what's wrong with you?" Griff asked as he waved his doughnut in Simmons' face. <p>Simmons blinked rapidly, then put a hand on his hip with a heavy sigh. "You need to leave," he repeated as he rubbed a hand to his temple.<p>

"Only a chick could give you a headache this big."

\* \* \*

><strong>A.N.: <strong>I love RvB beyond all comprehension, and that is where this started. After a binge of all the seasons (in complete non-order) I finally decided to suck it up and write fanfiction for it because I love this series. So I hope you enjoyed it and pretty please review, because if you haven't noticed yet I stick almost entirely to the Kingdom Hearts (II) fandom. This is a little bit outside my general area of expertise.

Please let me know if you have any questions; this does start off a little confusingly. I'll answer any questions posted in reviews; I recommend asking in a review and not in a PM because I don't actually check my email that often.

That said, I hope you enjoyed this!!

Adios, cockbites.

## 2. Minus One

\*\*Chapter Two .: -1 :.\*\*

"I am so glad that you came home. I was getting veryâ€| very very worried," Caboose said as Church sat down. "You disappeared last night and then I was all alone. It was not fun."

"That's great, Caboose."

"Soâ€| How was your training today?"

Church grunted. "Shut up, Caboose. When I get home, I prefer peace and quiet. I think I deserve it considering I fucking died for this war."

"Do not forget that you killed yourself," Caboose pointed out. "So it is not the war's fault."

"Shut up, you team killing fucktard!"

"I did no such thing!"

Church turned his head away from Caboose and tried to ignore the soldier still dressed in his standard issue blue armor. Caboose took his helmet off and walked over to Church, setting the helmet down on the side table.

"I think someone needs a hug," Caboose said with a big grin.

Church scooted to the far end of the couch, away from Caboose. "Listen, Caboose, it's late. Why don't you just go to bed and leave

me the fuck alone, alright?"

"But you are my best friend," Caboose argued with a small frown.  
"Best friends should tell each other everything."

"God\_dammit\_ Private, shut the fuck up!" Church shouted.

Caboose stared at Church, somewhat surprised. "Iâ€œ| thought you were done with the yelling at me. You promised. I do not like yelling."

"Yeah, I know. I remember, Caboose. I was there. Why don't we avoid this whole thing and just not talk to each other for a while? I mean, that way I won't have to listen to the inevitable stupid shit that falls out of your mouth and then there won't be any yelling."

"Tucker stopped by today."

"Son of a bitch."

"He said to call him. Later. Tomorrow. Now I will go to bed so you do not yell anymore," Caboose said before heading to his room. "Good night, best friend Church."

Church gritted his teeth before hissing, "Get back here, Caboose. We canâ€œ| talk."

"Hooray!" Caboose threw himself down on the couch on all fours and leered at Church, practically on top of him. Church secretly thanked whatever God there was for the standard steel frame the couch was made out of. The last thing he wanted was to explain to the Sergeant why he needed a new couch.

"What will we talk about, best friend Church?"

"Okay, you can quit with the 'best friend' thing," Church muttered.  
"I get it. Best friends, ha ha ha."

"I wish Andy was here. I miss him. Andy was such a nice bomb."

"Yeah, as long as you didn't piss him off," Church said with a twisted smile.

"That is not very nice, Church."

"Neither was Andy!"

Caboose settled himself against the back of the couch and stared at the wall. "I do not think you should talk about your friends like that, Church. It is not very nice."

Church didn't hide his amazement very well at just how naÃ—ve Caboose could really be. "Okay, fine. So how was your day, Caboose?"

"Oh oh oh! I know the answer!" he exclaimed as he shot his hand into the air, still leering at Church. "First, I went through training on the new A.I.s Blue Command is getting, then I talked with Vic for a while, and then I came home and Tucker stopped by, then Tex stopped

byâ€" "

"When the \_hell \_did Tex come by?"

Caboose blinked, then leaned away from Church and scratched the back of his head. "Ohh, it was sometime around six or something. She wanted me to tell you that she would be in town for a week and to avoid Red Base and also she needed to borrow your Assault Rifle andâ€" "

"You gave her my \_Assault Rifle?"\_

"Church, what did we agree on about the yelling?" Caboose asked as he wiggled a finger in Church's face. "Let's use our \_indoor \_voice, alright?"

"You, Michael J. Caboose, are a fucking idiot."

"I will pretend like I didn't hear that," Caboose said in a low voice and a slight frown. "I didn't let her just \_have \_the Assault Rifle. I made her sign a \_waiver \_first!"

"Oh my God, \_why?"\_ Church almost screamed.

"Because I wanted to make sure she brought it back for you, Church. I was being \_preoccupied."\_

"What is wrong with you? And it's pre\_cautious, \_not preoccupied!"

"Do not be angry, Church. She promised she would bring it back."

"That's what I'm afraid of!"

Caboose cocked his head slightly to the left and stared at Church, then reached out and put his hand on Church's knee. Church did his best to ignore the gesture. "Best friend Church, are you mad because Tex dumped you and now she is in town?"

"What? What the \_hell \_does that have to do with anything? Andâ€| how the fuck do you know about me and Tex breaking up?" Church gave Caboose a dirty look, distinctly remembering \_not \_telling the Private about his recent break-up for the obvious reason that Caboose would take it upon himself to fix Church's life.

"When Tex came over we had tea â€" well, \_I \_had tea while she drank some of your motor oil â€" and told me all about it. Why, is that bad?"

Church grunted internally and smacked an open hand against his forehead. "You invited her in, got her a drink, and talked about \_our \_personal life?"

"She said not to tell you because you would be madâ€|. " Caboose trailed off and removed his hand from Church's knee. "Why are you mad? Is it because you love her?"

Somewhere between howling in a fit of laughter and wiping the nonexistent tears from his eyes, Church managed to choke out, "There

is no way in hell I loved that crazy bitch!"

End  
file.